

Memories Of Before

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Summary: It's almost the anniversary of Astoria's death, and Draco is remembering the last holiday he took with his wife.

Memories Of Before

****AN: **Written for The Quidditch League Fanfiction Competition.**

****Round 1 "Where My Death Eaters At?"****

Beater One: Write about your chosen Death Eater going on a holiday.

****Prompts:****

6. (word) Inappropriate

7. (dialogue) "If you don't eat your vegetables, you can't have any pudding."

13. (word) Tomorrow

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><p>Memories Of Before

"Dad, it's time."

Draco looked up to see his son standing over him. He was only fifteen, but Draco couldn't help noticing how mature Scorpius had become.

"I can't believe it'll have been five years tomorrow," Draco said as he stood up. He was trying to keep it together in front of his

children, but he knew they both heard his voice crack as he spoke.

Had Draco not had his children to look after, he was sure he would have sunk into a deep depression after his wife passed, but Scorpius had been ten at the time and Elara only eight, so he knew he couldn't let that happen. Now that they were older he could feel himself starting to slip, and he was sure that Scorpius could tell this, so he'd tried to make an extra effort when putting a brave face on in front of his children. It had been almost five years since Astoria Malfoy had died, but Draco could remember it like it was yesterday.

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><p>"Elara, put Sparkles away we'll be leaving in ten minutes," Astoria scolded their daughter as she started to fetch her stuffed unicorn from her trunk, "Draco, go and get Scorpius from upstairs will you? I'll get Minty to take our trunks for us."

"_Aw, but Mumâ€|" Draco heard his daughter try to fight back as he left the room and chuckled. Astoria never had been able to control Elara, she truly was, what you would call, a 'daddy's girl'._

Before going to fetch Scorpius, Draco slipped into his office on the first floor. On the desk was a small pile of neatly wrapped presents; it was their anniversary while they were away. Astoria had suggested that they wait to celebrate until after they had returned home, but Draco had decided that he was going to get her a couple of small gifts anyway. Taking his wand out, he waved it over the gifts and shrunk them down before slipping them into his inside pocket.

He took one last look around the room, making sure that he hadn't left anything behind, before heading off to fetch his son.

"_Scorpius," Draco called as he knocked on the door to his son's room and walked in, "are you ready? We'll be leaving in a few minutes."_

"_Almost, I'm just looking for my book," Scorpius replied. It was only then that Draco realised his son was lying on the floor with his head under his bed. He sighed, cast a nonverbal summoning charm, and watched as it flew into his hand from where the book had fallen behind Scorpius's desk._

"_Is this the one you're looking for?" Draco asked. Scorpius stared at him in confusion as he came out from under his bed and saw his father holding the book._

"_Yes! I've been looking for it all week, where was it?"_

"_It had fallen behind your desk," Draco told him with a chuckle as his son slapped himself on his forehead. As bright as Scorpius was, he wasn't the most observant._

_Astoria and Elara were waiting for them when they got downstairs, Elara with her arms wrapped around her unicorn. Clearly Astoria hadn't been able to get their daughter to leave him in her

trunk._

"_Are we all ready to go then?" Draco asked as he reached the bottom of the stairs, "Elara, why don't you let me hold onto Sparkles? That way he won't accidentally get left behind when we travel."_

Elara nodded and handed the unicorn to Draco as they made their way into the lounge. Astoria grabbed a handful of Floo powder as she reached the fireplace.

"_Now, children," Astoria turned to face Scorpius and Elara, "don't forget to speak very clearly when you step into the fireplace. Malfoy Holiday Home." Astoria threw her Floo powder into the fire and stepped into the green flames, quickly followed by her children and Draco, who went last._

* * *

><p>Draco was shaken out of the memory when he felt Scorpius put a hand on his shoulder. He stood and walked to the door where Elara was waiting with Daphne, Blaise and their children.<p>

It wasn't often that the family got together, but when Daphne had suggested they meet up to mourn Astoria's death Draco couldn't help but be thankful. Had he been left alone on the anniversary of his wife's death he might have ended up drinking away his sorrow, something he really didn't want to do considering his children were home from the summer.

"Shall we get going? I can't imagine Mother and Father will be too pleased if we don't arrive in time for dinner," Daphne asked the group before taking the hand of her youngest daughter. Draco took his children's hands in his own and Apparated them to Greengrass Manor where they would be spending the weekend.

The Manor was beautiful; it was a four storey, white stone building with vines carefully growing up the walls around the windows on the bottom two floors. Draco had always loved visiting the Greengrass' estate if nothing more than to take in the beautiful scenery that came with living in the Cotswolds. Acres of land surrounded the manor, with a rose garden in the rear that was carefully tended by two of Evadne Greengrass's most skilled house elves. It was in this rose garden that he'd finally proposed to Astoria; Draco wasn't sure if he'd be able to set foot in it again, but he found his feet taking him that way almost as soon as he'd landed and was immediately lost in thought once again.

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><p>Draco could already hear Elara running around upstairs when he stepped out of the fireplace; she'd obviously already forgotten that he was holding onto Sparkles. He sighed as he put the unicorn down, he didn't know where Elara got her energy from, but she was very rarely still. It took him and Astoria at least ten minutes every day to get her to sit still through dinner. They didn't have anywhere near as much trouble with Scorpius; he had always been less active than his sister preferring to sit in his room and read than play Quidditch with his friends.

"_Well, the children should be busy for a couple of hours, what

should we do?" Draco asked his wife with a suggestive smirk as soon as Scorpius had left the room._

"_Draco," Astoria giggled and batted his arm playfully, "that's inappropriate! We can't, not when the children are around."_

"_Why not? We could always cast a silencing charm on the room." Draco snaked his arm around her waist and pulled her into him as he spoke, his voice a low drawl which betrayed just how much he wished they were alone._

"_Draco!" she scolded with a giggle, "We mustn't, it wouldn't be right."_

"_Why? It's no different to when we're at home; they're a whole floor below us."_

"_Maybe later, when they're asleep," Astoria finally caved. Draco was a little disappointed that he'd have to wait, holiday sex had always been his favourite, but he stood down anyway knowing he'd be able to use it to get his way that night. "For now, we need to decide where we're eating tonight."_

"_I assumed we'd just go to Zabini's restaurant?" Draco posed the statement as a question, but he knew that was where they'd end up going._

"_We may as well, I haven't seen dear Mariella since Blaise and Daphne's wedding."_

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><p>Elara!" Astoria scolded as their daughter pushed her food around her plate.

"_But I don't like broccoli, Mother. Why do I have to eat it?" Elara complained. This had been a regular occurrence all of her life; Elara would often complain about her food and try to get out of eating it. She was a rather fussy eater, but Draco could normally get her to eat her dinner. He just hoped she grew out of it soon._

"_Elara, if you don't eat your vegetables, you can't have any pudding," Draco told his daughter firmly. He watched as she reluctantly stabbed a piece of broccoli with her fork and ate it with a grimace. The promise of pudding usually got Elara to stop playing with her food and just eat it, especially when they were at Blaise's mother's restaurant as they served a magnificent chocolate fudge cake._

"_The rest of the meal went fairly well. Elara didn't even complain when the waiter informed them that there would be a fifteen-minute wait if they wanted the chocolate fudge cake. Mariella Zabini came over and spoke with them while they were waiting for desert and told them that Daphne and Blaise would be visiting a couple of days later and bringing their children so they could all meet up for coffee, which Astoria agreed to. It was as they left that everything went wrong._

"_I'll meet you back at home, darling. I need to go and pick up a couple of things from a shop in the town centre. I know the owner so

he told me I could collect them after we'd had dinner so that I didn't have to put up with all the crowds," Astoria told Draco before planting a kiss on his cheek._

"_Do you know how long you'll be?"_

"_He's a muggle, so I won't be able to Apparate. It isn't too far from here, though, so I shouldn't be much more than half an hour. Maybe an hour at the absolute most."_

"_Okay, I'll get the children settled. I'll see you at home." Draco pulled Astoria in for a quick kiss before taking the hands of his children and Apparating them all home._

It took Draco longer than normal to settle Elara down (probably because of the chocolate fudge cake) and when he finally sat down with a glass of Firewhisky and looked at the clock it was nearly ten o'clock. Astoria should have been back before then, but Draco assumed she'd probably just got caught up talking to the man as she did like a good chat.

As he fetched his second glass of Firewhisky, Draco saw a Patronus appear in front of him. It took him a minute to place it but soon realised that it belonged to Mariella Zabini.

"_Draco, I don't know how to tell you this; I got a bit worried when Astoria hadn't returned after an hour so sent a couple of my house elves out to look for her and | Can you come back to the restaurant? I should probably tell you this in person."_

As the Patronus faded, Draco felt his stomach drop. He knew something bad had happened; it couldn't be good news if Mariella wanted to tell him in person.

* * *

><p>Draco forced himself out of his thoughts. He didn't want to relive that particular moment again. When he'd gotten to the restaurant Mariella had told him that Astoria was dead. She'd been seen coming out of a very expensive jeweller's and someone had tried to steal whatever she had. They'd had a knife, and when they realised it wouldn't go their way they had decided to use it on her. She didn't have her wand on her to heal herself as it had been in her coat, which Draco had taken home with him.<p>

Looking around he noticed he was in the centre of the rose garden and felt tears drip down his face. Astoria had been killed five years ago tomorrow, and Draco wondered if he'd ever feel whole again.

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><p>Words: 1,914.

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><p>AN: Thank you for reading. It's good to finally be back writing for the competition, I've missed it.

Thank you for reading, please let me know what you think - I always want to improve my writing. Plus, reviews are just nice to get,

aren't they? ;)

End
file.